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## Not a Day in Bed.

Gramling, S. C.—In a letter from Gramling, Mrs. Lula Walden says: "I was so weak before I began taking Cardui, that it tired me just a little. Since taking it, I do all the house work for my family of nine, and have not been in bed a day. Cardui is the greatest remedy for women on earth." Weak women need Cardui. It is the ideal woman's tonic, because it is especially adapted for women's needs. It relieves backache, headache, dragging feelings, and other female misery. Try Cardui. A few doses will show you what it can do for you. It may be just what you want.

## YOUNG DEER WAS ARRESTED

Fisherman With the Aid of a Rope Captured the Animal While in the Water.

Patrol wagons have queer passengers sometimes, but surely there was never a queerer one than the deer that the Boston police arrested. The deer was not much more than a fawn, or at least he had not been grown up for more than a few months. Perhaps that is why he got into such trouble. He was found out in Boston harbor, but how or why he got there he refused to tell.

A fisherman saw the animal first. The man was out in a motor boat when he saw something in the water that did not look like anything he had ever seen before. He steered toward it and found that it was a deer with antlers that rose above the water like branches of coral beneath the sea. The man threw a rope around the deer's horns and towed it to shore, and the police were called. They came with a patrol wagon, into which they loaded the frightened beast. The deer was taken to the police station and fed, and the newspapers were notified to find out who the owner was. It was thought that the deer had strayed from some private game preserve.

## NEVER USED THE REVOLVER

Judge Carried One Unpacked Through West and Then New York Burglar Stole It.

A group of New Yorkers on their way to New Brunswick for the moose hunting season were discussing the new firearms law. A well-known justice of the supreme court admitted that he was so doubtful about the scope of the law that he had sneaked away from his apartments in a taxicab with his rifles carefully concealed from the eyes of passing policemen.

"Which reminds me," he said, and the crowd settled down in peace, for the justice was a great story teller. "Of my first trip to the west, more years ago than I like to think of. The west was wild and woolly then as I viewed it, so my slender luggage included a revolver to use against hostile Indians and outlaws. The trip was peaceful enough to suit anybody and that gun was never unpacked. When I got back to my New York flat I put it away in a bureau drawer thinking it might come in handy some day. And then I'll be hanged if a burglar didn't get into my rooms in a week or so and pinch that gun."

## KILLED SWORDFISH WITH RIFLE.

When Capt. Enos Nickerson of the fishing schooner Pontiac reached the wharf at Boston the other day, he proudly exhibited a 450-pound swordfish which was pierced behind the left gill with a rifle bullet.

Captain Nickerson was fishing in the South channel, and upon seeing a good sized swordfish he determined to substitute the rifle for a fly iron. One bullet performed the deed and the prized fish rolled over with a great flapping of its tail and was easily hauled on deck. This is the first time that a swordfish has been known to have been caught in

# PREFERRED LOCALS

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House and stall room attached, garden, stable and big vacant lot on Durrett's avenue.

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## Value of Contentment.

A contented mind is the greatest blessing a man can enjoy in this world, and in the present life, his happiness arises from conquering his desires. It will arise in the next from

# RULES FOR RIGHT LIVING

Frederic Harrison, Who is Alive at Eighty, Gives His Views on Subject.

Frederic Harrison, barrister, historian, philosopher, publicist, positivist and anti-woman's suffragette, celebrated his eightieth birthday recently in London. In spite of his great age, Mr. Harrison is still hale and hearty, and his intellectual activity is occasionally evidenced in acutely reasoned letters to the press. A self-disciplinarian, he attributes his physical and mental fitness to the rigid observance of his own Spartan "rules of life." Here they are: "Touch not tobacco, spirit, nor any unclean thing. Rise from every meal with an appetite. Walk daily two hours. Sleep nightly seven hours. Be content with what you have."

Playing cards and tobacco are Mr. Harrison's aversions. "Men and women," he says, "who are too dull to take pleasure in talk, too ignorant to read, too lazy to dance, deaf to music, blind to art, unable to keep themselves awake, betake themselves to cards." As for his Lady Nicotine, he cannot find words strong enough to denounce her with. Smoking is "a beastly disease," to be shunned on grounds medical, moral, social and aesthetic.

Mr. Harrison, however, is better known as the greatest living disciple of Auguste Comte than as a social Don Quixote. His presidential addresses to the Positivist society are said by good judges to contain some of the finest "high thinking" in the English language. In view of these and other virtues, people here are proud to hail him a grand old Londoner, born and educated within the sound of the bells of Bow.

## CRAFTY PRELUDE OF SHOPPER

Preliminary Skirmish by Which She Insures Best Service When Real Campaign Begins.

Chicago people certainly have the knack of getting on," a shopper said. "In the suit department of a big store I met a Chicago woman who had been in Philadelphia less than a week. She said she wasn't buying anything; had just come to get the lay of the land. In the process of getting it she stopped a cash girl and said:

"Is that Miss Blake selling white linen skirts to that fat woman? I understand you have a Miss Blake in this department."

"No, that is Miss Barton," said the cash girl.

"This Chicago woman wrote the name in her address book. Then she showed me the names of saleswomen in several other stores."

"This is only a preliminary to real shopping," she said. "It pays me to take the extra trouble. If I expect to buy more than \$5 worth of anything at a strange store I learn beforehand the names of the saleswomen whose looks I like best."

## The Moral.

Prof. John Spencer Bassett, author of "A Life of Andrew Jackson," is accustomed to illustrate his lectures at Smith college with incidents in American history. On one occasion he repeated a well-known story in regard to Stephen A. Douglas, closing with a moral which aroused peculiar interest.

Douglas, as a narrative runs, was once sitting in a profound sleep in the corridor of the capitol when Adeline Cutts, a Washington belle, passed by. She did not know the sleeper, but was struck with compassion on seeing such a splendidly intellectual face under such conditions, and stooping down laid her handkerchief over it to protect it from the flies. Douglas on awakening found the handkerchief, sought the owner, and eventually married her. There was a pause, and then the professor added: "You ladies, the moral of this story is: Have your pocket handkerchief marked."

## Water Elephants in Africa.

The scientific world is still discussing the reported discovery of a new mammal in the Congo state, a mammal known to the natives as the "water elephant." M. Le Petit of the Paris Museum of Natural History recently reported that he saw five of these animals plunging into the water on the northern shore of Lake Leopold the Second. He stated that they appeared to have shorter bodies, smaller ears, and relatively longer necks than ordinary elephants, and apparently were not possessed of trunks. He estimated their height at about six feet. It has been pointed out that the description of the water elephant accords almost exactly with Dr. Andrews' restoration of the paleomastodon, an creature which dwelt in the Fayoum in the lower tertiary age.

## His Mistake.

"Say, there's a page of this China special stuff missing. Anybody seen it?"

"Eh! What was it?"

"Why, a list of the leading insurance companies."

"Holy smoke! Was that it? Say, I thought it was the bill of fare of the new Chinese restaurant and checked it in the waste basket."

# Escaped With His Life.

"Twenty-one years ago I faced an awful death," writes H. B. Martin, Port Harrellson, S. C. "Doctors said I had consumption and the dreadful cough I had looked like it, sure enough. I tried everything I could bear of, for my cough, and was under the treatment of the best doctor in Georgetown, S. C. for a year, but could get no relief. A friend advised me to try Dr. King's New Discovery. I did so, and was completely cured. I feel that I owe my life to this great throat and lung cure." Its positively guaranteed for coughs, colds, and all bronchial affections. 50c & \$1.00. Trial bottle free at all druggists.

## Scalded to Death.

Bowling Green, Ky. Dec. 29.—Ben Cophmiller, aged seventy-eight, was killed in an accident at the mine near here. He was running an engine, which turned over, scalding him to death.

## Kill More Than Wild Beasts.

The number of people killed yearly by wild beasts don't approach the vast number killed by disease germs. No life is safe from their attacks. They're in air, water, dust, even food. But grand protection is afforded by Electric Bitters, which destroy and expel these deadly disease germs from the system. That's why chills, fever and ague, all malarial and many blood diseases yield promptly to this wonderful blood purifier. Try them, and enjoy the glorious health and new strength they'll give you. Money back, if not satisfied. Only 50c at all druggists.

## New Matron Appointed.

Miss Nannie B. Fisher of Danville, Ky., was made matron of the Eastern Kentucky Asylum, to succeed Mrs. George Duncan, who resigned.

## Ends Winter's Troubles

To many, winter is a season of trouble. The frost bitten toes and fingers, chapped hands and lips, chilblains, cold-sores, red and rough skins, prove this. But such troubles fly before Bucklen's Arnica Salve. A trial convinces. Greatest healer of Burns, Boils, Piles, Cuts, Sores, Bruises, Eczema and Sprains. Only 25c at all druggists.

## Judge Black Chosen.

Frankfort, Ky., Dec. 29.—The tip is out here that Attorney General-elect James Grnnett has selected Judge James D. Black, of Barbourville, as first Assistant Attorney General of Kentucky and that Judge Black will accept the post.

## Parson's Poem a Gem.

From Rev. H. Stubenvoll, Ia. in praise of Dr. King's New Life Pills. "They're such a health necessity. In every home these pills should be. If other kinds you've tried in vain, USE DR. KING'S And be well again." Only 25c at all druggists.

## DIAMONDS BECOMING SCARCE.

Two explanations of the advancing prices of diamonds are given. First the syndicate controlling the rough diamond market limits production in order to increase its profits. Second, the yield of the diamond mines, as a whole, is decreasing; the Kimberly mine is virtually exhausted of the best stones. These explanations are given according to the respective viewpoint of the parties who offer them.

"Had dyspepsia or indigestion for years. No appetite, and what I did eat distressed me terribly. Burdock Blood Bitters cured me."—J. H. Walker, Sunbury, Ohio.

## Appendix a Waste Basket.

One of New York's biggest scientific surgical choppers has often found toothbrush bristles in a patient's appendix. Two hours after midnight yesterday he operated on a man almost at the point of death, taking out the appendix, which was as big as a deershoe sausage. In it was a pin all crusted over. For some people the appendix seems to be a waste basket.

Constipation causes, headache, nausea, dizziness, languor, heart palpitation. Drastic physics gripes, sicken, weaken the bowels and don't cure. Doan's Regulents act gently on pure constipation. 25 cents. Your druggist.

# The Rush of Business

"Oh, I never will get this Christmas list made out!" said the little stenographer, impatiently, as she hastily threw her notebook into a drawer and grabbed materials to answer the buzzer that was getting frantic. "This is the 'utensum time I've barely got it started when some one wants to write his friend that he enjoyed the dinner he took with him yesterday or wishes to inform some one whom he never saw and never will see that he received his valued favor—which he never even read through—but though he can do absolutely nothing for him he begs, most ardently, to remind him that—and so on! Huh! Talk about women gush!"

The bookkeeper turned an appreciative countenance toward her and prepared to listen.

"Oh, buzz on!" she exclaimed crossly, as the summons became still more imperative. "I'm engaged for a while yet!" And she snatched a rubbed band across the buzzer to deaden the noise.

"Actually, there aren't ten letters a day that are absolutely necessary," she declared. "There's a lot of foolery, that passes back and forth, and gets filed as business, though it is simple waste of time and postage. When the men receive the letters they realize what rubbish they are and laugh at them. But when they get started dictating they like the sound of their own voices!"

"Why," and she gave her notebook an angry fling, "this thing here, I warrant, has about one page in ten filled with business that needed to be transacted! The rest is gush and affection! And yet the men pride themselves on their quickness and their lack of red tape and their ability to cope with big situations. And you won't find one man in a dozen who doesn't make supercilious remarks about detail and say that he hasn't time to attend to that—that's what he keeps clerks for!"

"I heard Mr. Brown this morning tell his wife over the phone that he simply couldn't get home to her luncheon, he was so busy—his desk was simply piled with work. He was very sorry, but business had to come before pleasure and she'd please make his excuses to the guests and so on—all that rot."

"Well, I expected a busy day when I heard that and so I prepared for rapid dictation. Well, what did I get? To one man he wrote that the matter was on his desk and as soon as he had time he'd look it over and write him in detail, which he begged leave to trust was satisfactory! And to another he wrote that business, as he very likely knew, wasn't what it might be and therefore he wouldn't be able to go into the matter, but he might in some months' time—perhaps—with which he trusted he might sign himself very sincerely! And to another that he was in doubt as to the advisability of taking out such and such a paper, just at present, but after due consideration he would write him further, and he desired, with great gusto, to subscribe himself his obliged friend. And so on through the whole list! Why, there wasn't a letter that couldn't have been done away with altogether, let alone being put off until after his wife's luncheon!"

"But all these letters made him think he was a very busy man and I've no doubt that he thinks he's indispensable to the company!"

"Some day I'm going to run off a lot of form letters, saying that I'm very sorry, but I haven't yet had time to look into the matter, but will write further when time permits. I think it makes the men feel good to tell people they are too busy to think. Perhaps it might be well for me to offer my services as thinker for them!"

"They all know that they'll decide against whatever matter it is that keeps pending! It's a hypocritical attitude, to say the least. They pretend to themselves that they're busy. They pretend to the man to whom they write that the matter really interests them and that they're really going to discuss it, and think it over, when they know they aren't even going to look at it again! And they pretend to the company that they're doing business eight hours a day! And then they'll go home and pretend to their wives that they've had a hard day!"

"Oh, I've known too much of them ever to marry one of them! Marriage is purely a confidence game, as I see it, and when you lose confidence—or start in without any—marriage is sure to be a failure!"

"Yes, yes, I'm coming as fast as I can!" She moved toward the door. Then she turned a smiling countenance to the bookkeeper.

"Here," she said, good naturedly, "just remember that what I said was all hasty. Perhaps those men do a lot of pretending, but if you listen carefully you'll hear my own sweet voice telling Mr. Jacobs, in one more minute, how extremely sorry I am that I was delayed and that it was unavoidable! And, do you know, I'd be fearfully angry if they dared intimate to me that I didn't earn my salary or that I wasted a lot of valuable time just hearing myself talk!"

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